THE

Johnson Journal

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL

SPORTSMANSHIP

Most students feel that sportsmanship and school spirit belong on the football field where the hero of the day, battered and bruised, runs for a touchdown amid the cheers and hurrahs of his schoolmates. You all sigh and wish that you could be a hero too, and could have a chance to exhibit your school spirit. You shrug your shoulders, mutter, "Oh well," and let the matter drop. Yet you are the very people who can show your sportsmanship countless times during the ordinary school day.

Have you ever stopped to think that every time you race down a corridor, whisper in assembly or squirm and grumble while some nervous schoolmate is giving a topic or even an ordinary recitation, that you are throwing away your chance to show your sportsmanship?

Being a football hero in sports or any other activity requires effort, study, and much energy, but practicing commonplace manners requires no time, a fraction of thought, and no energy. What could be simpler?

Even if your sportsmanship standards are at a low ebb and you don't think much of the school spirit idea, try to turn over a new leaf for your own sake! How often have you tried to make yourself heard above scraping chairs, or a low undertone; how often have you been pushed, squeezed and battered in the crowded corridors; how often have you had to "stay" because someone feels like talking? You don't like the suggestion of these things, yet every sufferer is usually an offender too. Treat others the way you want to be treated.

As a final argument many of you say, "What's the use? If I do act better and start considering people no one will notice it!"

This need worry no one for unfortunately good manners are so scarce in our school that the slightest trend toward improvement will be instantly noticed and appreciated.

Therefore, whether it is school spirit or self-preservation, be a sport!

Annette Silverstein, '38

SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit in Johnson High is lacking. True, students buy tickets for the athletic games, and all affairs like that, but it would be a lot better for the school if a few more got out and played. I am referring to the athletic teams, especially the boys' teams. We have a fine coach for the boys, but you can imagine how he must feel when he sees a measly handful of boys standing around waiting for him when he calls football practice. We have members on our team weighing no more than one hundred and forty pounds, while some of the rah-rah boys on the sidelines are over six feet and weigh around one sixty and one seventy. In some cases physical ailments keep them on the sidelines and these we excuse, but most of them are in good condition, and with a little spunk, they might try out for the team. How can the coach produce good teams

when he is continually bucked by such things as detention, flunkings and injuries on top of his already small group? You cannot ask any man to do miracles. So come on, Johnson boys, give our coach a break. The girl athletes in Johnson outnumber the boys two to one.

Ralph Crompton, '38

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

Why go to college is a question that arises in many a student's mind as he is about to end his four year career in high school. Looking at the subject from many angles there are several reasons why a student should continue on to college if it is at all possible.

First of all the training you receive in twelve years of grammar and high school is not sufficient to give the average person a good start in his chosen field. Nowadays there are a great many more fields which a young person may enter than there were in the days when our parents were forced to decide this same question. Then again, many of these fields are so complicated that it is absolutely impossible to cover the material in the four years of high school. Therefore, a college education is necessary.

Secondly, when students go away to college they come in contact with a different group of people from the group they were accustomed to seeing. They meet students from different parts of our country and even from foreign countries, representing every walk of life, from the rich man's son down to the poor man who has to scrape and save in order to send his son to college. All this will help you later on when you have to go out and meet people after you are no longer dependent upon your mother and father.

Finally, it takes a person away from his parents who may have pampered him in his younger years, and puts him on his own two feet. From the day he enters college until the day he dies he will have to make decisions for himself and not run to his parents when in the least bit of difficulty. The spending of money that he is allotted would have to be thought of carefully before spending. Thus college gives the student the sense of responsibility which is very necessary today in order to be a success.

Clayton Kennedy, '38

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS IN U. S. A.

Automobile accidents are increasing every year, month, week and day.

In the Japanese-Chinese War they are killing each other. In Spain they are doing the same. But here in America we are killing ourselves. In the different wars they are fighting for a cause and are getting paid with money and freedom. Here in America what are we killing "ourselves" for? We aren't getting paid for it with money. We're paying with our conscience and imprisonment.

The worst about it is there is no purpose behind all of this bloodshed. In America in one week there were five thousand people killed. But the drivers are getting away with it. When an officer catches a speeder and hands him a ticket the driver just laughs it off and takes it to some political friend of his and has it "killed."

There is lack of sportsmanship among the drivers. On a rainy night when there's a fog about and the streets are very slippery, a driver in his automobile drives round a dangerous curve at any speed over fifty miles an hour right into the

glaring head-lights of an oncoming car. There is a screech of brakes that do not hold on the wet pavement, a terrific crash of metal being ripped apart, heart-rending screams of agony in the mad struggle for life, and then all is quiet. People rush to the scene and when the ambulance comes there is congestion and confusion and when every minute counts they can't get through the crowd and lives are lost.

There must be some way of stopping this murder. There is a way if only everybody could see it through my eyes. I see co-operation among men. A man gets into his automobile and looks behind him to see if another car is approaching. He drives off and comes to an intersection and blows his horn. He drives on and comes to a busy street where throngs of people are moving about. A woman is pushing her baby in a carriage; he stops and allows her to pass. He comes to a traffic signal and stops if it is red, and when it turns green he does not try to dart out and beat the line of cars so as to be first. You may think this a waste of time but it is saving time, material, money, and lives. Now contrast this with what is really happening. The same driver starts away without looking behind for the approaching car which has to turn out abruptly in order not to hit the driver just starting, who darts from the curb. When he comes to an intersection, he does not blow his horn and a car coming out of the side street has to jam on his brakes in order not to smash into the car of the careless driver. This careless driver comes to the busiest street and sees a woman with a baby carriage and he waits till he gets very close to blow his horn. The blast of the horn frightens the woman so that there's horror written over her face; then she screams, and then faints and the people crowd around and there is confusion. If you call this driving, I don't. So if every one will co-operate, lives will be saved as well as money and materials.

The newspapers could help by running special editions and editorials. The theaters could help by running special features on drunken driving and carelessness.

James Shaw, '39

THE AIMS OF OUR SCHOOL

It is the aim of our high school to equip us for life and a career in the world of tomorrow. It is the aim of our high school to send us out into the world with a little better conception of the more serious problems which confront us in our daily life, and which perturb us constantly. It is the aim of our high school to further our education so that we may become better men and women, and thus better citizens. Our high school promotes various forms of sports so that we may be physically strong and mentally healthy, and that we will not be physically handicapped in a world in which everyone needs to have all these faculties present. It is the aim of our high school to teach us the meaning of the word sportsmanship, and how to be sportsmen and women. No person's real character is brought out anywhere else more than on the field of sports where competition is the keenest. Last, and most important of all, we make many valuable friendships which we prize very highly during our stay in high school. Friendships and various bonds which are made during our childhood days last throughout our lifetime, and are great aids to peace and national well-being and prosperity.

John Ford '38

LITERARY

A LAST MINUTE TOUCH

Jean stood at the window gazing out on all the autumn glory. A pattern of dancing shadows covered the lawn. The last slanting rays of sun gave the pool a deep, dusky tint. The leaves fluttered silently down to earth and Jean saw all this through tear-dimmed eyes. This was her wedding night. Tonight was the last night she would ever spend in this house. Tonight she was leaving behind her grandmother, who had taken care of her from infancy. Jean remembered very clearly her grandmother's stipulation that she should marry a person of wealth. Now Jean was about to marry a minister's son and Grandmother had stated definitely that she would have nothing more to do with her. Jean's throat ached and she wished with all her heart that she could cry. She heard the door softly open and close. She knew the maid had entered and that it was time to dress.

It seemed endless hours before Jean surveyed a slender, pale girl in the mirror. Jean stared at this listless person trying to force a sparkle in her smile. The maid glanced anxiously at Jean's lovely, calm, oval face. Her lustrous black hair fell gently about her face, while tears still filled her clear, grey eyes. The creamy satin draped about her feet, like new fallen snow. Jean opened the door and went out into the hall. As she descended the wide marble staircase her satin slippered feet lingered on each step. At the door the butler placed in her arms the fragrant calla lilies. Jean stepped into the waiting car and realized that at exactly five minutes of eight she was speeding towards her own wedding and that she was miserable.

While the bride stood in the vestibule of the church waiting for her train to be adjusted, she drank in the dignified splendor of the interior, scented by hundreds of flowers. She saw her guests in scarlet gowns and some in shimmering green. Black velvet capes draped gleaming, bare shoulders. Candles flickered, spreading a soft glow throughout the church. Jean heard excited whispers and saw her six bridesmaids standing in a group a short way from her. They wore gowns of midnight blue that floated to the floor in soft folds. There seemed to be someone in their midst handing them their bouquets of crimson roses. Suddenly a stately person in deep, rich purple emerged from the group and majestically crossed to Jean and gently kissed her forehead. Grandmother was ushered to her seat and Jean heard the first strains of the wedding march. She hugged the flowers and smiled down into their perfumed depths.

Caroline Chase, '38

THE REVELATION

I stirred in my seat, acutely uncomfortable while attempting to squeeze my ample anatomy into one corner of the hard and narrow bus seat. At the same time I marveled and envied the composure and ease of the carefully groomed girl beside me. An inaudible sigh escaped me as

I scrutinized her more closely and beheld her seemingly restful yet dignified position, as she sat with one shapely and expensively chiffoned leg crossed in a dainty fashion over the other.

More sighs eluded me as I covertly tried to examine her more closely in order to decide what made up a lady, for surely here was one! I decided to devote my observations to details, for my womanly and roving eye had already noticed that she was faultlessly attired, and also, the incessant emphasis of detail drummed into my head by a long-suffering English teacher was at last bearing—details.

No fantastic stove-pipe or ridiculous pill-box with a sinister veil hanging to her knees adorned her carefully coiffured hair. What presided there was a modest black bonnet with a discreet little veil thrown back with studied carelessness. This gesture revealed carefully arched brows over alive and sparkling blue eyes which harmonized so well with her full, red lips that smiled as often as a pleasing thought entered their owner's mind.

A sudden lurch of the bus swept me against my seatmate and a delicate, scarcely perceptible scent of perfume reached my inquisitive nostrils. Here was another clue, for it was only a lady who wore expensive perfume and applied it so sparsely, and who did not soak herself with it so as to inflict a nauseating impression.

My roving eye continued its way down to her lovely and expressive hands. No red and bloody-looking paint besmirched them, but a dainty, shell-colored polish was carefully applied in keeping with the rest of her meticulous appearance. At last the ideal lady!

"Bizz-bizz." The Ideal was getting off for The Hands had pulled the cord and were now opening a smart black leather bag to extract the necessary fare. Unable to avert my eyes because of my cramped position, I caught a glimpse of the interior of her purse and then my ideal shattered with a crash.

Everything imaginable was in that bag. There was gum, and there were soiled handkerchiefs, buttons, pins, rouge, lipsticks, torn and dirty papers, and a squashed, drippy chocolate. What dismayed me further was the lipstick stains on the lining, the dust in the folds, and the crushed, broken cigarette whose interior was mixed among the other debris. I could not believe that a person so careful of her outward appearance would permit such tell-tale evidence to exist.

In the midst of my musings the young woman alighted and another equally well-groomed girl boarded and sat beside me. Oh no, I wouldn't be caught again, and I dejectedly huddled into my corner, sadly disillusioned.

Annette Silverstein, '38

INCONSISTENCY

"He who hesitates is lost," and "Look before you leap";
Over these contradictory lines, I've lost a lot of sleep.
I thought and thought and thought and thought to find the answer right,
But that doesn't help a tiny bit to bring to me the light.
I guess I'll have to give it up as others have before,
And depend upon the knocking of "opportunity at my door."

B. May, '40

HAPPINESS REGAINED

"You cussed snowshoe. Why won't you stay buckled?" exclaimed Toby.

He bent his odd, dark, little face to adjust the strap, then trudged on through the snowstorm, peering constantly ahead at an almost indistinguishable cabin. His black eyes sparkled with anticipation as he drew near the lighted doorway. Pausing for a moment to shake some of the snowstorm from his hooded suit, he wrinkled his nose, sniffing the sharp mountain air. He loved this lone cabin surrounded by giant pines that swished softly in the wind. He turned and pushed open the heavy oak door.

As usual a gay crowd was assembled and everyone called cheery greetings to him. He glanced hastily about the room and couldn't see Max. Toby was sure his heart stopped beating and his glowing face fell in sheer disappointment. Suddenly two strong hands fell upon his shoulders and he looked up into the teasing face of Max. The corners of his eyes crinkled into his ever ready smile and he said, "Hello there." Toby, gazing into the beloved face, felt as though he had been gone a week instead of just attending school for the day. In turn Max thought about the first time he had set eyes on the lad. He had been in the Orient collecting material for his book. What queer circumstances entangled him before he finally fled from India with this little boy. He pressed the child closer to him, remembering the last words of the black chief. He had shouted he'd follow them to the ends of the earth to claim the boy. Max lived from day to day in dread of losing Toby, the dread of surrendering him to the cruel treatment the boy had endured. Max knew one day the vindictive warrior would keep his promise, and what would be the outcome. The cruel father, the rightful owner, against a man who loved and lived for this tiny dark-skinned child. Yet he held no legal claim. Was there never going to be a release from this constant fear? He cared not for his own safety but for Toby's. Max pictured the beatings and bloodshed, the soft eyes imploring him for help. Wild impulse had led him to capture Toby and bring him home to peace and love, yet Max was powerless to guarantee his safety.

Max turned to his guests; leaning against the fireplace mantle, he surveyed the room with a caressing gaze. Dotting the walls were tiny almost hidden lights. They spread a warm glow on richly colored tapestries hanging beneath dark panelling. Somewhere soft music played, accompanied by the muffled, scuffling noises of the dancers. At one end of the living room in a huge black fireplace immense logs snapped and crackled, splashing radiance in a wide circle over floor and ceiling. A white bear rug lay like a mound of fine snow in front of the fireplace. Guns were mounted on wooden pegs. They were all well oiled and obviously used often. A pair of none too good snowshoes stood criss-cross in a corner. Against one side of the wall stood a long table. Plenty of chairs were strewn about, each a hand-carved masterpiece. A pale blue couch in front of the fireplace reminded Max that the fire was extremely hot, and the couch might be more comfortable. Over one arm hung a bright red hunting jacket. To his amusement he spied the toe of one of Toby's boots protruding from beneath the couch. Max decided he would have to speak to Toby about

leaving things around. In kicking the boot out of sight he came in contact with his own. He looked up quickly to find Toby mischievously regarding him from the dining room doorway. Max actually felt guilty, but hang it all, Toby was the guilty one.

Guests began to move toward the table and once again Max found himself dishing out salad from a Mexican bowl. He was noted for this kind of supper. There were paper-thin wooden plates and gay cups of hot coffee. At each end of the table stood a copper dish overflowing with every fruit imaginable. The guests sat Indian fashion on the floor or hung over chairs at perfect ease. Amongst books, sweet music and pleasant chatter the famed author smiled, loving the sincere, peaceful friendship that was his, dreading the time when he would be left alone with Toby. Always in the back of his mind was that cloud of everlasting fear. It was a part of him just as Toby was.

Long after the guests had retired for the night, Max sat before the dying fire, brooding, wondering what tomorrow would bring and the tomorrows. Finally he sighed and as usual gave up.

Late that night he woke with a start. Cold beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. The vision of the black warrior was outlined plainly in the moonlight. The muscles of his hand stood out plainly as he grasped his long spear. Max felt every atom of strength seep out of him. He was truly terrified, but could not tear his gaze from the struggling form of the native. His cruel face was screwed up in agonizing pain. He gasped for breath and rolled his eyes furiously. They slowly began to lose the steely glint Max had always hated. Max leaning weakly against his pillows wondered how long it would be before the black man would fulfill his threat. He prayed it would be soon. The black chief reeled. His underlip curled in his characteristic snarl. Max realized this was probably his last look at the horrible, bloated creature of India. He forced his eyes shut and awaited his inevitable death. It seemed hours, then a quiet peace enveloped the moon-splashed room.

An astounded Max woke next morning. He stared at Toby sprawling on the foot of the bed munching a piece of toast. Max couldn't believe he was really alive. Why the sun was shining and the snow sparkled like a million diamonds. Toby's eyes danced gaily as they looked into Max's staring ones. Toby asked, "What's the matter, Chump, did you see a ghost last night, or eat too much cheese?" For an answer Max gathered Toby into his arms and hugged him tightly. The recent nightmare events spun dizzily in his muddled head.

Max looked down reprovingly at Toby and said, "Youngster, this makes the third time you have skipped school in three weeks."

"Yes, sir," answered Toby, folding the sheet into tiny creases and trying not to grin. Max began again, he too attempting to keep the corners of his mouth from turning up.

Max said, "Don't you want to learn anything and grow up to be somebody?"

"If I was taught everything there was to know, I'm sure I'd only be half as nice as you are," stated Toby.

Max glanced out of the corner of his eye. He tried vainly to pull his face into some semblance of a stern expression. With a great deal of ef-

fort he said, "Well you may as well make up your mind, you're going to school." For answer Toby bounded from the room to rescue the snow boots. This very same conversation had been held each time Toby decided he needed a holiday. It had become a regular routine.

When Toby left the room, so went some of the sunshine and Max's thoughts raced back again. The scene became so vivid his hands began to tremble. Toby came back bearing the weekly mail. As usual Max hurried through the letters, scanning them for a foreign stamp. Toby, watching impatiently, saw him slump into a chair and tear open a large brown envelope. He read quickly for a few seconds. Suddenly he opened his arms to Toby, who leaped into them, burning with curiosity. The letter, Max told Toby, said that his real father was dead. He had died last night about midnight. The foreign correspondent whom Max had hired to watch the black chief, had cabled the message. There had been a battle and Toby's father had died writhing by the spear of one of his own men. Toby held the shaking hand more tightly in both his own little ones. The shining joy in his starry eyes took the place of words. Max gazing at the bowed head wondered what had been the reason for the death in India being transmitted to him in America. What was this extra-sensory power that had been given him? What supernatural power permitted life and death to merge and the exact death-like expression be communicated to him?

He turned his thoughts to the complete joy of living that would be his from now on. Toby scrambled from his lap and went to spread the glad tidings to the cook. He came scampering back, all the light in the world shining in his eyes. He said eagerly, "Now I really belong to you and America for always." Max reached down to pinch Toby's cheek.

He said, "Yes, my son."

Caroline Chase, '38

MARRIED MAN TO SINGLE MAN

If you were I and I were you,
How different things would be!
You'd be old and hen-pecked,
I'd be young and free.
You'd be washing dishes,
I'd be playing cards,
Or maybe playing football,
Gaining twenty yards.
You'd have to rock the baby
To sleep each night at eight,
I'd be going to dances
And coming in quite late!
You'd be sitting home nights,
Reading, perhaps in bed;
I'd be doing the high spots,
Painting the whole town red.
You'd be taking Fido
Walking in the park;
I'd be there at midnight
With my sweetie, in the dark.
If you were I you wouldn't sing
You'd feel neglected too.
But I think I'd do anything
If only I were you.

Frances McRobbie, '40

HAPPY AS A CLAM IN HIGH WATER

Yes, I really was a clam, floating in the high tide in all the glory and freedom of any fish that inhabited the great, briny ocean.

Being tossed about and now and then rising on the crest of a wave giving me an opportunity to view the things going on above the water's surface, how nice and warm the bright sunshine seemed and how pic-

turesque the white sails looked as the boats glided along on the ocean's blue. The sea gulls making their weird calls, dropped down into the water occasionally in an endeavor to satisfy their voracious appetites. I knew I was safe, however, as long as I remained in the water, as gulls can't pick up any hard-shelled fish unless it is on some hard formation.

Indeed, I had been having a glorious time, but intuition told me that the tide was going in and I was going with it. I experienced the change in temperature of the water. It was becoming warm, in fact quite warm. My happiness and glee left me at this point for I feared I would be washed ashore, on the hard dry hot sand, where if I didn't die from exposure, I would be prey to gulls. The water was something more than warm. It was hot. I could hear it boil. I could feel and hear the steam. Some of the water splattered on my stocking feet. The tea kettle had boiled over and I awakened with a start, as I had been asleep with my feet perched on the hearth of the stove.

Betty May, '40

THESE HUMAN BEINGS

I stand on the main street of a city in an inconspicuous place. What a mass of humanity passes by! What are the emotions and thoughts of each individual?

An old, bent man carrying a small, brown leather bag walks slowly by. Here is a mill-worker. His brown face is lined with wrinkles and worn with cares. An expression little short of despair is written on his face. His calloused hand clutches a pay envelope. Will this meager wage pay the bills—the food, the clothing, the shelter, the heat and light?

A young school girl approaches. Her arm is filled with books. She has a smooth complexion, her cheeks are faintly flushed, her eyes are sparkling—the look of youth! A quiz in geometry tomorrow. She must study tonight. Will she pass?

Next I see a doctor with his small, black bag walking briskly by. He has white hands and a kind face with long hours of patient work written on it—work both day and night. Will the patient he has just operated on live? Has he saved another life?

Here is the big business man carrying a leather brief-case under his arm. He has a smooth-shaven face. The wrinkles usually on his brow have lifted today. He has just put over a big deal! But how will business be tomorrow?

Some disappear behind doors, others turn into side streets, still others walk straight ahead and more of this milling crowd pass on.

Dorothy Dainowski, '39

MY CAMPING EXPERIENCE

The sky was as blue as a turquoise stone. The clouds were as white and fleecy as sheep's wool. The weather was not too warm and not too cool.

A little devil in my head seemed to be whispering, "Go away. Nobody'll know." I couldn't resist it. My cousin, who is small and lively, was invited. We packed our lunches, and started. The trees in the forest looked so tall, green, and inviting, that we decided on the forest first. It seemed heavenly at first, but that was only the beginning.

"My!" my cousin exclaimed, "aren't the briars thick?"

"Yes," I answered, "we'd better turn back." We didn't realize how long we had been tramping.

We had walked for quite a while when Barbara said, "I don't remember that tree. Do you?"

"No, I don't," I replied. After we had wandered around for about an hour, which seemed ages to us, it started to rain. It was a short, unexpected shower. It left us blue and depressed.

"I see a clearing up ahead," I told her. By this time the sun was out again in full glory. We knew where we were, but oh, so far from home! There was a short cut through some fields. We went through some fields that had just been ploughed. I fell in a brook in another.

By the time we got home, we were wet, bedraggled, dirty, and tired. The next time, we decided, we'd ask our mothers.

Constance Kruschurtz, '41

CHATTER

CLASS OFFICERS, 1937-1938

Senior Class Officers

President	Thomas Sullivan
Vice-President	Herbert Barwell
Sec.-Treasurer	Hazel Blanch

Junior Class Officers

President	Thomas Pendlebury
Vice-President	Arthur Banker
Sec.-Treasurer	Ruth Whittaker

Sophomore Class Officers

President	William Mackie
Vice-President	Robert Cunningham
Sec.-Treas.	Katherine Wainwright

Freshman Class Officers

President	Robert Sullivan
Vice-President	Edward Garneau
Sec.-Treasurer	Ethel Lawton

Athletic Council

Thomas Sullivan	Hazel Blanch
Arthur Banker	May Barnes
Philip Miller	Marcia Barker
Robert Sullivan	Eleanor Barrington

JUNIORS HOLD WEENIE-ROAST

On October fifth the Junior Class held a weenie-roast for its members at Berry Pond, Andover. During the evening there was dancing to the tune of two harmonicas and a banjo thoughtfully brought along by members of the class. Miss Jensen and Miss Buckley were the chaperones. It was well attended and enjoyed by all. It is to be hoped that there will be more such events in the future.

SENIOR-FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The Senior-Freshman reception was held Thursday evening, November 4, with many students attending. Dancing was enjoyed and a comedy play was staged, the title of which was "You Can't Skeer Me." The cast of the play included: Rosealice Hargreaves, Mary Gray, Dorothy Richardson, John James, Rose Aaronian, Milton Howard, John Ford, Eleanor Parker, and Michael Koroskys.

The reception was from 7:30 to 11 o'clock. The Senior Class committee in charge comprised Thomas Sullivan, chairman; Miss Georgianna Curley, Herbert Barwell, Miss Hazel Blanch, and Edwin Cunningham.

Miss Alice Neal and Miss Edith Jensen of the faculty were advisers.

CLUBS

The various clubs met for the first time on Wednesday, October 20, at which time officers of the clubs were elected. Club officers for the year are as follows:

Glee Club

President — Robert Garneau
Vice-President — Helena Polichnowski
Secretary — Oliver Kirk
Treasurer — Philip Donnelly

Practical Arts Club

President — Catherine Lefebvre
Vice-President — Ruth Whittaker
Secretary — Lily Ackroyd
Treasurer — Marcella Costello

Chefs' Club

President — Frank Broadhead
Vice-President — John Dilendik
Sec.-Treas. — Arthur Banker

Chemistry Club

President — Joseph Shea
Secretary — Frances Debrowski
Treasurer — Martha Curran

Dramatic Club

President — Mary Gray
Vice-President — Rosealice Hargreaves
Secretary — Mary Dandeneau
Treasurer — Rose Aaronian

Etiquette Club

President — Ruby Cochrane
Sec.-Treas. — Helen Greenler

French Club

President — Lois Pitkin
Sec.-Treas. — Ruth Curley

Basketball Club

President — Georgianna Curley
Sec.-Treas. — Elizabeth Rennie

Debating Club

President — Allan Towne
Vice-President — Milton Howard
Sec.-Treas. — Brian McKiernan

PAINTINGS PRESENTED TO THE SCHOOL

A new series of optical history paintings has just been received from the Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., which commissioned the distinguished New York artist, Harold Anderson, to reproduce on canvas such scientific characters in history as Alhazen, the Moor; the Dutchman, Huygens; and the Bavarian, Fraunhofer.

The series will be hung in the laboratory for the inspiration of science students.

Richly colored, the picture of Alhazen, who was born 965 A. D., shows this Arabian mathematician demonstrating to some friends his theory of the refraction of light by means of a stick thrust into a pool of water.

No less interesting is that of Christian Huygens, in which the Dutch astronomer and physicist explains to Louis XIV and members of the French Academy his wave theory of light.

Fraunhofer is represented as an enthusiastic young man explaining to a skeptical friend his method of reading and measuring the dark lines of the spectrum by means of the spectroscope, an instrument of his invention.

These pictures depicting optical progress and the advance of science through the ages were conceived by Bausch & Lomb as a pictorial record to focus the mind of the student on characters and contributions of great significance to the human race.

MARY GIARRUSSO WINS COVER CONTEST

Mary Giarrusso, '41, is the winner of the annual cover contest. The cover for this issue of the *Journal* is therefore her work.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Officers

President Thomas Sullivan
Vice-President Herbert Barwell
Sec. Treas. Ruth Whittaker

Seniors

Veronica Fitzgerald Fred Coran
Barbara Hainsworth Milton Howard
Hazel Blanch Thomas Sullivan
Priscilla Lewis Herbert Barwell

Juniors

Ruby Cochrane Brian McKiernan
Virginia Carvell Charles Foster
Helen Greenler Arthur Banker
Ruth Whittaker Thomas Pendlebury

Sophomores

Janet Kershaw Philip Miller
Marcia Barker Philip Kelly
Katherine Wainwright
Robert Cunningham

Freshman

Dorothy Nicoll Robert Sullivan
Helena Polichnowski
Robert Garneau

ALUMNI NOTES

Charles Donlan, '33, is on the Dean's list at M. I. T.

Arthur Olson, '35, is on the Dean's list at M. I. T.

George Flanagan, '35, is now a P. G. at Johnson.

Mildred E. Bara, '36, is now a P. G. at Johnson.

Eleanor M. Robertson, '36, is now attending Lowell State Teachers' College.

Violet H. Turner, '36, is now attending Burdett College.

William Graham won a bronze medal in the dairy products judging contest at the National Industries Exposition. He placed fourth in butter, third in cheese, and fifth in all products. When he was a junior, he won a silver medal at Massachusetts State College for his outstanding work on the *Collegian*.

ATHLETICS

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball season opened for them with the first practice being held Monday, October 25. A large number of freshmen reported out for it and from all observations prospects look bright for the future. Several of last season's lettermen are back; namely, Marcia Barker, Annette Silverstein, Anna Mackie, Priscilla Lewis, Georgianna Curley, Veronica Fitzgerald, and Lillian Maker.

The date for the Alumni game, at which time they play nearly all of last year's league winning team, has been set for December 22.

BOYS' SPORTS

On September 7th, Coach Cavalieri called out his football candidates and about forty boys were on hand for the first practice. This group was headed by Captain Tom Sullivan. The lettermen in the group included Barwell, Dilendik, Hayes, Young, Whittaker, Crompton and Pendlebury. The first few days were marked by the intense heat and the shoulder injury which forced Tom Sullivan out of the opening line-up. After a few days of hard work the squad dropped to about 25 men.

The first game on the schedule was played with Leominster at

Leominster, and the coach announced his opening line-up as follows: Pendlebury, le; Young, lt; Crompton, lg; Coram, g; Barwell, rg; Whittaker, rt; Dilendik, re; Evangelos, qb; Hayes, lhb; Greenwood, rhb; Donnelly, fb.

Johnson was defeated in its opening game 50 to 0 by Leominster. The Johnson boys tried hard, but it was just a case of being outclassed by a much better team. Leominster scored in all periods but the second; the Johnson defense tightened up in this period to hold them. Because of injury Tom Sullivan was forced out of the opening line-up and the team was led by Herbert Barwell, who played a great game for the Johnson boys.

On the 25th of September, Johnson again traveled away from home, playing Holten High of Danvers. The score resulted in a victory for Danvers 12 to 6. Johnson's score came on a long run by Captain Tommy Sullivan after he had intercepted a pass. The Johnson line played well on defense, and Danvers gained mostly through the air.

On the following Saturday, playing for the first time on its home grounds, and before a large gathering of townspeople, Johnson won its first game from Central Catholic of Lawrence 7 to 6. James Hayes, flashy left halfback, scored for Johnson, and Tommy Sullivan kicked the winning point.

Central Catholic presented a team which has played together for three years, and proved to be very capable opponents. The Johnson High line reached the climax of its defensive work Saturday, stopping Central Catholic time and time again with only one or two yards to go. Featuring were Barwell, Pendlebury, and Dilendik on defense, while Hayes and Sullivan featured the running attack.

On October 8, Johnson took on Methuen and defeated them 8-6 in a game packed with thrills from the beginning to end. Johnson's first score came early in the first period, when, deep in their own territory Methuen tried a pass which was nabbed by our left end, Tom Pendlebury, who ran ten yards unmolested for a touchdown. Later with a Methuen man behind his own goal line attempting to kick, the Johnson line broke through and forced a safety on him.

Methuen scored after a long run which set up the chance to score by their flashy quarterback. He later carried it over.

On the next Saturday Johnson entertained Brooks School, a local institution which is becoming rapidly known. Also, their football team is becoming altogether too well organized to play small high schools. They will no doubt be playing academies and prep schools in the near future. They completely outclassed our team by their forward passes which were the instruments to polish off three touchdowns. The other score came after a series of line plunges and off tackle plays from around the forty-yard line. The final score read 25-0 in favor of Brooks. The boys, overlooking the score, won a moral victory in that they played and held a much more experienced and older group of boys, as is true of a few more teams we had on our schedule.

On the eighteenth we traveled to Danvers to play the St. John's High School team of that town. The score ended in a one-sided 36-0 in favor of Johnson. The St. John's High team consisted of a group of young fellows like ourselves but who were completely baffled at times as to what to do. The line cleaned out well and

on the whole we had a very successful day. Every sub was sent into the game which made many faces beam with joy.

On October 25, we played Chelmsford and played the part of eleven very excellent hosts, giving on a platter of gridiron two touchdowns which were taken gladly by our diminutive rivals. Our team just could not seem to get started. (Fumbles played havoc along with the wind which didn't help our excellent booter at all.) After giving to Chelmsford two touchdowns the half ended. We went to the club-house, and here we learned our many faults and ways to mend them from our mentor (who, by the way, was exasperated with us). The second half we went to work with hard running plays, with Tom Sullivan carrying the ball on numerous occasions for long and impressive jaunts. After a few minutes had elapsed we had scored our first touchdown and were off. In a seemingly short time we had tied the score, but the try for the extra point failed due to the fine defensive work of the Chelmsford line which incidentally stood out all day. The final score stood 13-13 and Chelmsford has yet to beat a Johnson football team.

Going out of our class again we journeyed to Dover, N. H., to play an undefeated Class A team. The final score read 14-6 for Dover. The team played very good football on the whole, being handicapped for the third time in the season, but not by injuries this time. It seems that our flashy friend and halfback was having a hard time with six subjects. Russell Donnelly filled very capably the vacant position; also a lineman of noteworthy mention was halted at the marker.

The Dover team was one of the hardest running teams we had met but was the best group of fellows that we have come in contact with yet. From all angles it was a very good game and the better team won. The faithful cheer-leaders were there as usual, sending forth their spirited voices.

Manning High of Ipswich were the next victims on the list and they proved to be the scrappy clam-diggers of old, sending forth a few fists now and then at our capable comrades, who, by the way, can swing pretty good fists themselves. The final score stood at 24-0 in favor of the Red and Black.

Tom Sullivan, after three attempts from about the twenty-five, put the ball in scoring position and Donnelly raced over the end for a goal. Another pass to Dilendik was good for a touchdown. Tom Sullivan raced offtackle from the ten-yard stripe for the third. The fourth came as a result of a nice boot by Sullivan down to the two-yard mark. After a few attempts at the line Manning decided to kick, and the Johnson tackles broke through and blocked the kick which Sullivan picked up and raced for the final touchdown.

The score for the Lawrence Squad B game was 21-6 in our favor.

Thanksgiving morning the Johnson High team traveled to Andover to meet their age old rival Punchard. Punchard defeated the Johnson boys 13 to 0. As the game opened it seemed the teams were very even and a great battle was waged in which neither team gained much ground. As the game wore on, the heavier Punchard backs began to batter the Johnson line. After bringing the ball down deep into Johnson's territory by line play, they threw a pass which

resulted in the first score. In the third period Punchard scored again and that was the finish of the scoring for the day.

The slippery field hampered both teams considerably, but Punchard seemed to be the better "mudders." The light Johnson backfield should be given much praise for their courageous efforts on offense, and their valiant work on defense. The Johnson line played well on defense with Tom Pendlebury and Bill Whittaker carrying the brunt of the attack. Captain Tom Sullivan played his usual brilliant and smashing game, and was very much in evidence. Russ Donnelly and Bud Barwell showed splendid work on the offense. Their efforts in the game showed up during the battle with Punchard.

Ending his third season as football coach, Mr. James Cavalieri has had three teams which have ended seasons with an average of 500% or better, and this speaks volumes for our coach.

The football team wishes to thank the students and cheer-leaders for their co-operation and unwavering confidence in our football team.

EXCHANGES

EXCHANGES

The editor of this column greets those schools that have shown themselves to be our friends by taking an interest in our Exchange columns in the past, and also those we hope will take an interest in the near future.

Leith Academy Magazine
Leith, England

You have an excellent variety of literature, humor and sporting accounts, the last of which are difficult for us to understand. From the accounts of your various activities it appears that you lead a very busy life. We are interested in your school and would like to hear more from you.

Tewksbury Hi-Lights
Tewksbury High School, Tewksbury, Mass.

Why not add more literary articles? With these you would have as good a paper as any school.

The Aegis

Here is a book worth reading. Your choice of articles is good, but why not add some school news to make your book more personal? We have taken your exchange suggestion as a challenge.

The Harpoon
Dartmouth High School, Dartmouth, Mass.

Your choice of cover is appropriate considering the name of your book. As for the book itself, it is well planned.

The Blue and White
Methuen High School, Methuen, Mass.

Outside of the facts that you haven't any literary section and that more care should be taken in your proof-reading for spelling errors, the book is very good. The poem on "Truth and Honor" was exceptionally well done.

The Cub

Roosevelt High School, Wyandotte, Mich.

More humor and school news would add considerably to your "Cub" which already has an excellent literary department. Where is your exchange column?

Parker Quill

W. S. Parker Junior High, Reading, Mass.

Congratulations on your carefully planned book. It shows much forethought. Your literary section and your illustrations were particularly good. We liked especially your editorial on Horace Mann.

HOWLERS

Mr. Donovan (after Barwell's explanation): "That recitation was as clear as mud, Barwell."

Barwell: "Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

Miss Pierce: "Clarenbach, describe a door-knob."

Clarenbach: "A door-knob is a thing what a revolving door turns around without having any."

Mr. Hayes (addressing the student body): "We must stop this tendency to use slang phrases, although there are times when they come in pat."

Journal reporter to Coach: "Do your men get up bright and early?"

Cavalieri: "—and not so early, either."

Aviator to passenger: "Did you ever hear the phrase, 'See Naples and die—'?"

Passenger: "Yes."

Aviator: "Well, here we are over Naples and the motor's stopped."

American Eagle: A hysterical bird.

Zephyr: A young cow.

A kleptomaniac is one who helps himself because he can't help himself.

TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION

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November 19, 1937—Due to the activity of our fire department, the home of one of Johnson's most popular students was saved from total destruction and complete demolition. With the aid of the WPA and the ERA and your JHS reporter, great financial loss was averted on High Street tonight when during a heated argument an infuriated ash barrel lit out with sparkling retorts to such an extent that the clapboards clapped and the studding staggered due to the intensity of the argument. The walls of the room being plastered was a great help to the fire department as they gave no trouble being lit.

Investigation by our police department proved it was an outside job. This report has as yet been unconfirmed.

Teacher: "In what opera did Samson lose his hair?"

Pupil: "In 'The Barber of Seville.'."

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